

Richmond Dispatch.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1850.

RAID ON BANKERS.

Operations of the Baltimore Forgers in Washington.

A FIFTEEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR PACKAGE BUREAU AND NEGOTIATED BACK—UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORTS TO SNATCH LARGER PARCELS AND FORGE FORGED CHECKS.

(Washington Post.)

The capture of the forgers who have been breaking into the Baltimore banks so successfully renders the publication of their exploits in this city, however a carefully guarded secret, a matter of interest, and attended with no danger to the course of justice. The robbery of the safe containing \$15,000 in United States bonds from the National Metropolitan Bank, which occurred shortly before the Baltimore forgeries, is now believed to have been also the work of a part of the gang. The package has been deposited with Mr. G. H. B. White, the cashier, by a lawyer of this city, who was about leaving for the summer, for the purpose of being safely kept, and the interest on the bonds regularly drawn as it became due. Mr. White had taken the package from the vault and left it on his desk preparatory to cutting off the coupons. This desk is situated at the rear of the bank to the left of the regular business portion. The iron railing which protects the other parts of that side of the counter here is left off, leaving the desk exposed. After

TAKING THE BUNDLE FROM THE SAFE,

and before he could examine the bonds, some half-dozen persons approached Mr. White on various business, all apparently legitimate. These disposed of, he turned to the table, but the precious parcel was gone. The alarm was quickly given, but by this time none but well-known and respectable parties were left in the bank. No one seemed to have been left, and as the bonds were negotiable the loss seemed inevitable and probably a total one.

Private detectives were called in, and one, Mr. Charles Flinders, was employed to proceed to New York and try to recover the bonds. He shortly returned with the information that they were to be got, but would have to be redeemed in the regular New York way. Mr. John W. Thompson, the bank president, returned with him, prepared to pay if nothing better could be done. The thieves or their agents conducted the negotiation with the greatest coolness, assuring their visitor that they felt perfectly safe, as unless they turned their attention to New York as field of operation they were

NEVER MOLISTED BY THE POLICE.

The New York police were appealed to as a last resort before paying, but they expressed themselves powerless to make any other disposition of the case so as to recover the property, and were doubtful of being able to make a good case against the thieves even if caught. So the money, a large percentage of the value of the bonds, was paid, and the package returned in the same condition as when abstracted. It was said that if the negotiations had been delayed all the bonds would have been in the hands of certain "crooked" brokers who live in New York on the proceeds of the sale of stolen bonds, for which, if registered, they only give half the face price.

Undoubtedly the same gang which perpetrated this robbery attempted three other "jobs" of even larger dimensions while in the city, but were foiled each time. They are known to have been in this city for weeks before this last operation—one of them, and probably the chief, a tall man of about thirty-five, wearing a red beard, having made a practice of coming to the bank for change, and thus familiarizing the clerks with him, and in that way being able to be in and out a good deal without exciting any suspicion. Two of the attempts were made in the

CASH-ROOM OF THE TREASURY

and one at the National Metropolitan Bank. The clerk who draws the money needed to pay off the House employees was standing at the bank counter with a package containing a large sum in bills and gold, some \$30,000, while a stranger was counting over a number of bills as if about to pay a note to the teller. While thus turning the bills over he contrived to drop one, and immediately put his hand on the arm of the Capitol clerk and asked him if that was not his. The latter, without replying, his mind being fortunately wholly absorbed in the safety of his package, made his money quite safe and mechanically stooped and was about to pocket the money when his new-found friend quickly said, "Oh, I believe that one of mine." The other by this time realized what he had unwittingly done and apologized, keeping, however, a strong hold on his package. But the swindler suddenly found that he had not money enough to pay that note," and left. A prominent District officer, whose business it was to carry all moneys belonging to the District to the Treasury, to be redrawn by requisition, was in the cash-room when another bill was dropped and he asked if it was not his.

PUTTED IT HIS SATCHEL.

before he would look at the proposed bill, and so saved his package. The third case was precisely similar in mode of operation and results, the swindler being taken in by the shrewd precaution of the officials of looking well to what they had before looking, doz. like, into the water to see a false reflection of what they wanted.

The latest and best-located operations of this gang were the fruitless attempts made the week before they went to Baltimore to pass off forged checks to the amount of \$25,000 to District banks. The first of these checks for \$1,000, purporting to have been drawn by H. D. Cooke & Co. in favor of an unknown party. This was presented to Mr. Frank Middleton, the teller of the National Metropolitan Bank. He remarked that the signature did not look like Mr. Cooke's, but said he would send round the corner to his if the presenters would wait a few moments. They, however, said in a very nonchalant manner that they would go round themselves and see what the trouble was, at the same time grumbling at Mr. Cooke for

NOT SIGNING HIS NAME ALWAYS ALIKE.

They left but did not return. The following day the teller, meeting Mr. Cooke, thought it necessary to apologize for making trouble. "About that \$1,000 check? But I have drawn no check for such an amount," said he. And then the nature of the attempted swindle was developed. A check for \$2,000 odd was presented at the Second National Bank purporting to have been drawn by Mr. Ottis Bigelow. The latter, being very careful, never makes an over-draft without due arrangement, and the fact that he had only about \$1,800 in bank just then caused the check to be scrutinized too closely to please the forgers, who quickly marched off, apparently much annoyed at the delay.

The commencement exercises of the Lee Literary Society of Blacksburg College will take place on the 16th of August. The officers of the Society are: President, A. C. Conway, Pittsburgh; Orators, H. G. Herkling, Rockingham, and H. T. Adams, Campbell; Debates, D. P. Molley, Essex, and W. E. Craddock, Halifax; Vice-dean, A. T. Seaton, Loudoun; Marshals: J. C. Ridley, Louisville, chief; J. A. Otey, Montgomery county; J. D. Potter, Norfolk; J. S. Musgrave, Southampton; E. C. Dame, Richmond; G. M. Graham, Tazewell; R. M. C. Gion, Halifax.

J. B. Wood is appointed postmaster at Hawknestown, Shenandoah county, Va., vice George H. Belw, resigned. J. M. Worthington is appointed postmaster at San Martin, Dillardside county, Va., vice William M. Dillid, resigned. Joseph H. Moore is appointed postmaster at Ararat, Patrick county, Va., vice John W. Gates, succeeded.

Now commenced falling on Mount Washington a little before noon Thursday, and continued most of the time until 3 o'clock.

THE BOGUS DUEL.

How a Love-Sick Clerk Was Made the Victim of a Huge Practical Joke.

BY MEANS OF A "PUT-UP" CORRESPONDENCE HE IMAGINES HIMSELF BELOVED BY A SOUTHERN BEAUTY, AND ACTUALLY FIGHTS WHAT HE SUPPOSED WAS A BONA FIDE DUEL WITH AN IRATE GUARDIAN—ALTOGETHER, IT WAS AN ENORMOUS SCAM AND CAPITALLY PLATED TO THE END, WHILE THE ONLY OBSCURING REFLECTION LEFT TO THE "LOVER" IS THAT HE "STOOD HIS GROUND LIKE A MAN."

(Chicago Times.)

There boards at the Garden City Hotel, on Sherman street, a young man by the name of M. D. Lee, a clerk in the office of the United States Express Company. Mr. Lee is in the depth of despondency, having been the victim of a ridiculous practical joke, and for the time being is having very little to say. The young gentleman is possessed of average intelligence, and, but for an unfortunate weakness, would be a sex, based on a knowledge of human nature gleaned from the industrious perusal of yellow-backed literature and machine doggerel of the sentimental type, he might have gone through the years of his natural life without once straining the fact of his existence upon the public. Lee was in the last carriage, and immediately on his arrival Luddington's second came briskly up to him and informed that he need enter no hope of a bloodless settlement; that his principal had determined to accept no apology, if one should be offered, and that the duel must come off. A sob from the carriage containing "Miss Luddington" corroborated the discouraging intelligence. There, in the presence of his lady-love, he could do nothing but face the music. He accordingly took his position as soon as the ground was measured off, took a pistol that was handed him, and, at the drop of the handkerchief, both men fired. Luddington dropped with a deep groan of agony, two or three of the spectators funerally said "My God, he's killed," and the young lady, springing from her carriage,

THREW HERSELF INTO LEE'S ARMS screaming hysterically. Lee returned the embrace fervently, and hastened to inform the lovely creature that he was unharmed. "Oh, but you have killed my uncle," ejaculated the maiden, clinging to him with redoubled vigor; "what shall I do, what shall I do?" The young man was proceeding to console her in true love style when he was interrupted by howls and screams of laughter from the bystanders. He could not understand the cause of the unseemly hilarity, and the spectacle of the defunct Luddington getting up yelling with delight even failed to convey to his confused mind a suspicion of the truth. It was only when his adorable Hatfield laid down and kicked up his feet to an alley, the house was unoccupied.

The next morning he received the note, which proved to be from a young lady who professed to have become smitten of his many charms at church the previous Sunday. She apologized for the boldness and seeming immorality of writing to him, but she was so anxious to form his acquaintance that she would run the risk of incurring his displeasure by asking him to meet her. Again she asked his pardon for her shocking effrontery, but expressed the hope that he would not think her less the lady. The signature, in a fine Italian hand, was "Lee Luddington."

The impulsive Lee made an appointment, but Hattie was not there. The next day came an epistolatory apology, and the day following that a note announcing her departure for an adjacent town. From this sprang up a highly-interesting correspondence. In the first

INTERCHANGE OF LETTERS

they were mutually addressed to "my friend," but this soon changed to "my dear friend," and from that it was only a step to "my dearest friend," "my darling," "my best beloved," and so on through the scale of gush, the ordinary style of closing, toward the last, being "your lover, devoted."

Several plans were laid for meetings, but they all fell through, and one day a letter reached the Garden City Hotel announcing the departure of the lady for Saratoga. Tender missives kept coming and going between Long Branch, New York, Saratoga, and Chicago. As the letters grew more effusive more space was required, and eventually a room of its own was rented, and the X bills for postage increased. Eventually it took four or five closely-written pages to a letter, and these pages were covered all over with the outpourings of a poetical soul but with a single thought. Lee's poor forte things sent him Hattie his photograph, and he had received in return the counterfeit presentation of a lovely woman. This settled it with him, and completely lulled any faint suspicion that may have found lodgment in his breast that everything might not be strictly "square." From that point he laid himself wide open, and revealed to his adored the most sacred secrets of his innermost heart. He told her how lonely he was, how he longed to meet her, and just yearned to clasp her loved form to his breast.

She in turn confided to him much valuable information relating to her history. She told him she was the

DAUGHTER OF GENERAL LUDDINGTON, of Richmond, Va.; now the old gentleman and all of his family adored and worshipped the name of Lee, and a slattern of Southern beauty, and a daughter of a juvenile cattle when her attachment for such a noble young man as he might be should be announced. The only obstacle in the way of their happiness was her irascible guardian uncle, Colonel Payson A. Luddington, who was represented to be a very tough old ruffian, chock full of gull and wormwood.

One day there came a hastily-written note from the young lady stating that she was about to start for Chicago, and rejoicing at the possibility of a speedy meeting. The clerical lover was almost thrown into a fit. This note was a signal for extravagant purchases of neck-wear and reckless investments in pomatum and hair-paste. He had his hair cut à la mode and parted in the middle. He bought a tall hat and was prodigal in his expenditure for boot-polishing. He was getting ready to receive his lady-love. Very soon a sweet-scented billet, purporting to have come from the Palmer House, was received, announcing her arrival with her uncle; but expressing a painful doubt about the expediency of an immediate meeting. The next post was burdened with a note of a different type. It was from the tyrannical uncle, who addressed the lover as "M. D. Lee—Sir." The writer stated that he had discovered that

A CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE had been going on between him (M. D. Lee—Sir) and his niece and ward; that he, that conduct was disgraceful, and that he, as a southern gentleman of unblemished honor, must demand satisfaction for the deep and irreparable outrage that had been attempted. The epistle was worded with desperate and valorous earnestness, and closed with the cold-blooded announcement that "Duncan A. Cameron" was authorized to represent him in the premises and would confer with any gentleman he might name to arrange for a meeting. This enigmatical letter greatly terrified Lee, who took Donnelan into his confidence, asking him what could be done in a legal way to head off the chivalrous southerner. Mr. Donnelan gave him some law, but suggested a meeting with Mr. Cameron before taking any steps. Lee evinced a disposition to get out of the scrape without fighting if he could, but his courage was greatly strengthened by the note from his dearly beloved, to the effect that she had been of vice, diabolical plot that had been set on foot to kill him. She deeply lamented this deplorable state of things, but advised him to stand firm and aces the challenge, assuring him that she would see that no harm was done him. This served him up, and from that moment he never hinted at a back-down. He took his ex-Esopus' glower into his confidence, and acting upon the hypothesis that arrangements for an adjustment might fall through, asked for and obtained sundry pointers as to the way duals were fought.

THE ENGLISHMAN was an outsider, but the conspirators—for of course the *Times*'s readers know by this time that it was a conspiracy—let him into the secret, and he did his best to help it forward. Lee was afraid of violating the law, but his scruples on this score were set to rest by Mr. Donnelan, who drew up the following

"Memoranda of articles as agreed upon between Duncan A. Cameron and for on behalf of Payne A. Cameron and E. D. Donnelan and for on behalf of M. D. Lee—Sir."

"Weapons—Pistols.

"Distance—Seventeen paces.

"Principles to stand right sides facing each other, to fire at drop of handkerchief."

"Government penalty of disbarment."

BOOK AND JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE DISPATCH PRINTING-HOUSE

ment waived, and in case of death of either party, no cause for manslaughter to be brought.

"Both parties to have choice of surgeons.

"To meet at place agreed upon between respective parties, and to be fought on the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock on the evening of Monday, June 26, 1850.

"Conversation between principals not allowed.

"Witness our hands the 24th day of July, 1850. D. A. CAMERON, E. C. DONNELAN."

Accompany this agreement was

A DIAGRAM OF THE FIELD

of battle, showing the exact spots where principals, surgeons, seconds, and ambulance were to be stationed. Lee's English friend assured him that this was according to the code.

The place decided upon for the meeting was the prairie near the western limits of the city, between Van Buren and Harrison streets. Thither their hawks repaired Monday evening, arriving on the scene about half past 8 o'clock, just at the time faces could not be distinguished distinctly, but before the darkness of night had fairly set in.

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